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La Nouvelle Française.

SHE is "taking French," she tells me,
And I wonder in dismay
If 'twill last until vacation—
Peste! je ne parle pas français.

I can manage, with attention
And a dictionary, too,
To interpret all her phrases—
Ma foi, oui! Comprenez vous?

It is "English" French she uses—
Easy! But I fear the fate
That awaits me, *sans* my "Nugent,"
When I meet her *tête-à-tête*.

Will she, when she finds my knowledge
Is a sham, a thing untrue,
Say at parting, kind or cruel,
"*Au revoir*, D.," or "*Adieu*"?

D. V. C.

The Aims of Literary Study.

EUSTACE CULLINAN, '95.

Hiram Corson, Professor of English Literature at Cornell University, is the author, and Macmillan Brothers are the publishers, of a little volume entitled "Aims of Literary Study." It is a new treatment of an old theme,—new, because no one has ever before come so near reducing to concrete expression what must always remain to some degree inexpressible; old, because the thought has long had an undefined existence in the consciousness of many who are interested in education.

It is almost impossible to state exactly in words ideas such as Professor Corson and Bishop Spalding attempt to communicate to

us. Those who have heard the latter lecture, or have read his books, can appreciate the above statement. They are compelled to talk about, rather than upon, their subject, until at length the understanding intuitively sees their meaning. It is the exposition of a point of view, an effort to induce the reader to look at things from the same point—to bring him into the same position. It cannot be put into syllogistic form. The soul of the hearer must respond in sympathy to the soul of the speaker; it is a communication of spirits—finite, material words cannot suffice.

The distinguished Professor begins his book with a thorough explanation of his definition of literature. "Literature," he says—"more especially poetic and dramatic literature—is the expression in letters of the spiritual, co-operating with the intellectual, man, the former being the primary, dominant coefficient."

The true aim of literary study, he maintains, is the education of the spiritual man; whereas it is too often limited to the secondary, intellectual man. Literary genius is something more than mere intellect. Were it not, there would be none of the vexatious difficulty in defining the word. Not for his intellectual qualities does Shakspeare live, nor for his scholarship. Deep and abstract thinkers are comparatively common, but few Shaksperes are born in a nation's history. What is it that has made the country-born actor at the *Globe* theatre so influential in the history of the English speech? What, but the intangible breath of the spirit that broods over the cold, conventional symbols of language! It is the magnetism of the dramatist's personality with which these products of his are surcharged. It cannot be separated for analysis; it is like life itself,

without which the body is only clay. No one knows exactly what life is. It is felt in every cell of our tissues; it runs through our veins with every blood-corpuscle; it is present in every nerve; in every working of our brain. It comes from the Creator.

In like manner, by the genius of the author, is this element of life infused into the barren sentences. The essence of genius is this creative power; this breathing of the spirit into the works of the hand. All literature is full of it. The soul of the reader comes into communication with that of the great poet, and is filled with it. The discharge of a Leyden-jar will send a shock through the body that completes the circuit; but in a short time the stored-up electricity is exhausted. Not so with the masterpieces of literature. Ever drawn from, they are never lessened—no more than is the flame of a torch from which a hundred others are lighted. There is no extension, no quantity, in the spirit; no increase or decrease. And not only in literature, but in the other arts as well. Painting, sculpture, music, architecture—there is on each the imprint of the soul as well as of the mind and hand.

The aim of literary study is to bring the student into this, as it were, spiritual communion with the great masters. To be able to reason logically and deal in abstractions is a good thing; it is one of the aims of education. But literature should not be taken up with such an aim. The sciences, mathematical and natural, are objective; in studying them the end in view is intellectual improvement. The demonstrations of geometry, the principles of physiology, train the mind to clearness, to a due observance of cause and effect, to order. Logic and philosophy assist the understanding to apprehensions of abstract ideas; and all together make the intellect strong, keen, logical.

But Literature, as Newman says, is subjective. It is the personal expression of thought. The proposition of a mathematical truth is not literature because it is not personal, that is, not subjective. It does not depend upon our perception of it. It is not a living thing.

But the worth of a work of literature is not measured by the exactness of its statements, but by that undefinable something that is felt but never expressed. It is not scholarship or a firm grasp upon intellectual ideas, but the drawing out and directing upward of our inmost being by that something perceived but unknown, that personality, that soul.

All men admit that Heine's "*Ein Fichten-*

baum Steht Einsam" is a great lyric. But why? Not for the thought, surely; not for the music. What is it that has made it worthy of translation into every tongue? What is it that is lost in the translation, so that, no matter how accurately word for word be rendered, there is always something wanting—something, too, that is the whole charm and essence of the lyric?

It is this expression of the spiritual man which, wherever found, appeals to our inner self hidden behind the walls of flesh. However divine the lover of true music may think him, Chopin contains no beauty to an ear uneducated in music. Neither can one enjoy Shakspeare or Wordsworth or Spenser without previous preparation. It does not follow that one who can catch the sense can also understand the meaning. To enable him to do so, to grasp, as Prof. Corson puts it, the "What Is," as well as the "What Knows," is the aim of literary study.

The "What Knows" has always been given too much attention. This may be because mental progress is easily observed and measured, and, moreover, counts for more in social relations than the education of the inner man. The effect of the proper study of literature is not defined or tangible. It is an opening and development of all one's capabilities for enjoying the good, the true, the beautiful.

Instead of allowing this result to be brought about, the student is distracted by too many branches of study. The modern college curriculum requires too much. There is no time for digestion and assimilation. "Examinations," he says, "are the bane of literary study." They cause "cramming;" they induce the hurtful and wrong idea that the only aim of a young man at school is to attain a high mark on his papers. Even in mathematics and sciences written papers do not always represent the real knowledge of the student—in literature hardly ever. Literary education does not at all consist in a memory of facts or a grasp upon general ideas. It is a mistake to make it do so.

In some colleges, for instance, I have been told that Browning's "*The Ring and the Book*" is studied as though it were a hieroglyphic inscription to be deciphered. The class is required to read Symonds, Benvenuto Cellini and various others before opening the poem. During the three or four months that are given to it, excursions are made by the professor into all the fields of learning. History, biography, theology, philosophy and philology are dipped into, as if it had been the purpose of the poet to furnish a thread on which beads of information might be strung.

Such a method would be of use, if it were necessary merely to explain the text; but the subject, the meaning, the poetry is lost sight of under a mass of other matter. As well might one study geology for all the literary education he is likely to get. Browning, of all poets, must not be read for scientific analysis. He is not a writer of the "What Knows"; he is a bard of the "What Is."

The study of the ancient classics has always been found to be a powerful means of education. The toilsome straining after the exact shade of thought imperceptibly brings the student to know the spiritual man as mirrored in his work. The true interpretation of literature, then, is not an intellectual, but what may be called an emotional exercise. To study the dramas of Shakspeare, the poems of Browning and Wordsworth, is to read them over and over as dramas and poems; to have them grow upon one; that it is the proper method of achieving the true aim of literary study.

To effect this, better than all the learning of an editor is the skill of a good reader. Elocution, in the opinion of Dr. Corson, is the surest and best interpreter. "Hamlet," as read by Booth, is better than the same lines as read by ourselves, because the actor brings out more clearly the unnamable essence or personality that makes poetry, whereby we are brought into sympathy with Shakspeare himself.

Corson appears to maintain that a professor of literature should be a skilful elocutionist, and that his lectures should consist almost entirely of readings from the authors with whom the class is engaged. This, he writes to some, may seem a rather unsystematic way of teaching, but it is in reality the most systematic. Instead of concerning himself with the duties of the professor of philology and history he sticks steadily to his own department—the interpretation of literature.

In conclusion, the student should approach the study of literature with bowed head and submissive will, with trust in the superior wisdom of his leader. Corson calls this disposition humility; Bishop Spalding calls it faith in education. They are the same. There must be no opposition to the voice that urges him on—the voice that is not heard and yet is known—the voice of the "What Is." Though for a while it lead through ways unfamiliar, he must have confidence that it leads upward. He must submit and follow as did the great Florentine, when he was conducted into the Spirit World. To seek the growth of the spirit by faith and intimacy—that is the end and means of literary study.

"The Good Gray Poet."

FRANCIS W. DAVIS, '95.

Away back on a farm near West Hills, Long Island, there was born, seventy-six years ago, a character who created at one time a decided sensation in the domain of letters. During the seventies and early eighties he was lauded on the one side, and regarded as the writer through whose pen the goddess of poetry had transmitted our heritage; by others he was held as a poet only in name, and was scoffed at by many critics. No matter what may have been the sentiments of that day, it should be our duty now, since he is gone, to lay aside, if possible, the old opinions of the critics—no doubt at the time eminent—and examine this character so unique; for Walt Whitman's name has many times been a synonym for the whimsical and grotesque in literary art.

No doubt to their Holland origin through his mother, may we trace both the personality and the force of Whitman. From his mother, also, he derived his extraordinarily sensitive nature, spirituality and human sympathy. From his father came his love for freedom and the firmness of character which enabled him, as he says, "to carry out his own ideals." Another element to be regarded in the formation of his character is that during his boyhood he lived in a region famous for its picturesqueness and which, in an eminent degree influenced him, as a poet of nature. It has been said that no one can really get at an author's poems unless he has visited and familiarized himself with the clime of which the poet sang.

We often hear that Whitman knew nothing of set forms in metre and conventional rhyme. The reason has been assigned, that his education had been very limited. Admitting all this, who can say it is essential for a true poet to be confined to any prescribed arrangement of verse? It is purely conventional to adopt any particular metre or series of rhymes. Whitman, it is said, disdained the use of them simply for the sake of being conspicuous. We cannot concur in this, for we really believe that it was on account of his desire to break away from all machine form; to burst forth in phrases peculiarly suited to his thoughts. We miss the rise and fall of the perfect measure; but there is a certain boldness, or freedom, in Whitman's lines which seems to be perfectly natural.

After Whitman had drifted from place to

place, teaching school and working in printing-offices, we find him, at nineteen years of age, editing and publishing a weekly newspaper. Soon afterwards he went to New York City, and at odd times wrote for the newspapers and magazines. During this period he was receiving his special education, learning life—men, women and children; he looked through the spectacles of a friend and sympathizer, not of a cynic, on every phase of human character represented there. He was likely to be found in a church of any denomination, and it has been said that if there had been Buddhist temples, Mohammedan mosques and Confucian Joss-houses, he would have undoubtedly visited them with the same interest and sympathy. His aim was to absorb humanity and modern life, and he preferred to get information from things themselves rather than from any pictures or descriptions of them drawn by another. Later on, during the years '51 and '52, he published and edited *The Freeman* in Brooklyn.

The work which first brought him prominently before the public was a volume of poems called "Leaves of Grass," published in 1855, which contains parts equal in beauty to anything he ever wrote. No doubt, it was written for a purpose, and we can do no better than to give in substance Whitman's own reasons: to further the absolute equality of men, irrespective of birth or training, and to lay a groundwork for a new era in literature; to show a contempt for the established measures, formal rhymes, stock imagery and diction. Some of the included poems are gross and coarse in their naturalism; yet even in these the reader may detect the gleam of a diamond in what may otherwise be a pile of rubbish. Beside these we find, in direct contrast, superb images of dear little children, lovable old women and grand old men. The imagination runs undisturbed, unfettered in these poems, listlessly, we must confess, at times. When the volume was first published, it was commented on by the reviewers in the most insulting language, exciting ridicule and even anger. The "Song of Myself" is very mystical, and one's mind is in a positive whirl after reading it. It is impossible to tell what one thinks about this so-called poem. Whitman's imagination seems to have run riot in it.

It remained for a great man of letters, who was then at the zenith of his fame, to pass a favorable criticism on the poem. Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote a characteristic note to Whitman: "I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful 'Leaves of Grass.' I find it the most

extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. . . . I find the courage of treatment which so delights us and which a large perception only can inspire." Thoreau also was an admirer of Whitman's poems, and his judgment, added to that of Emerson, made the ear of the public more open to Whitman and his works. All critics alike admit that certain of the poems are sensual and disagreeable; still we do not wish that they had never been written, but rather that they would fall into no hands but those who have a broad impression on certain subjects. They were not expurgated in later editions; and it was Whitman's intention to go down to posterity defending them. He was a man of strong convictions and this feeling makes itself manifest throughout nearly all his poems, although it is tempered evenly with tenderness.

No doubt the fever, which was so hostile to the earlier editions of "Leaves of Grass," was aggravated by the appearance of a third edition published in '60. This contained a grouping of those poems, treating especially of sexual passions and acts under the name of "Children of Adam." What we might call a sublime spirit runs through them all, but in certain passages the art of the finished master is absent; and instead of making the subject a grand object-lesson, he has degraded it, not from any real desire to do so, but solely on account of his bad art. Some of the critics would have us throw out a bushel of grain in which there may be a few grains of cockle seed. The same reasoning then would hold with regard to Shakspeare, although in the latter we have a greater amount of grain with a lesser proportion of cockle. It may be that Whitman intends to call things by their simplest names, by the familiar terms which are well enough in a technical book, but which in poetry offered to the general public are decidedly out of place. "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" and "The Splendor of Falling Day" are noteworthy, the former in certain passages being strong. "The Man-of-War Bird" deserves to be quoted in part.

"Thou who has slept all night on the storms,
Waking renewed on thy prodigious pinions;

Thou, born to match the gale (thou art all wings);
To cope with heaven, and earth, and sea, and hurricane,
Thou ship of air never furl'st thy sails,
Days, even weeks, untried and onward, through spaces,
gyrating realms,
At dark that look'st on Senegal, at noon, America;
That sport'st amidst the lightning-flash and thunder-cloud
In these—in thy experiences—hadst thou my soul,
What joys, what joys, were thine!"

True American that he was, the right spirit was manifest in Whitman when, at the breaking out of the civil war, leaving New York, he went down to the seat of war. His part was to visit the hospitals, walking through the long wards, soothing, healing, never failing to do his self-imposed duty. It is said that he gathered together into little groups many of the inmates, and amused them by telling humorous stories, doing anything to relieve the gloom of the place. Many a poor heart was comforted, and many an old comrade will remember the kind words which this "sensual character"—as some critics have called him—uttered to him while he lay in the grim wards of the national hospitals.

It was after the war that Whitman gave us "President Lincoln's Funeral Hymn," which may be compared in many ways with Lowell's "Commemoration Ode." It was included in a volume of poems, among others, "Drum Taps," written during the war while Whitman was on the battlefield. "The Mystic Trumpeter" is a grand burst of lyric feeling. Later on he assumed a position in the Interior Department, and at different times was prominently before the public, delivering "After all, not to Create Only," as the song of the exposition at the opening of the American Institute, New York, in '71, likewise at Dartmouth College Commencement in '72 he recited "As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free."

In this short space it is impossible to give a *résumé* of Whitman's philosophy. In many of his poems we find evidences of a belief in a Supreme Being, and then again there are grounds for believing that he wavered at times. One thing is certain, he was a much-misjudged man. Critics have unmercifully pummeled him for his adherence to his seemingly unpoetical forms, yet they cannot but admit that Whitman could use rhyme, as he did in "O Captain, My Captain." Whitman's inclinations were to be broad; but in rejecting metre and keeping *his* set forms he is too narrow for a poet. At times his works become tiresome to the reader, which fact would be obviated if he had used a miscellaneous set of forms. The objection referred to is one of the strongest against Whitman; for we all know that the true poet makes his work felt through any form; it bursts forth spontaneously, as it were, and will not be veiled. We also know that technique, though at certain times essential, cannot atone for poverty of thought or imagination. There are many incoherent and spas-

modic expressions in Whitman's lines, which a close study only and great perseverance will overcome. However, they freely repay any attention; for in Whitman's work we have the rough material of poetry rather than the finished article.

In concluding, we should not be led by any outside prejudice in judging the merits and demerits of Whitman. No doubt he had a high ideal, but his applications of the theory of poetry will always be an eyesore to some critics. Many a burning thought reveals itself to the reader, but it is handicapped by its form, or, rather, we may say, by its lack of form. One of his lines would be material sufficient for a dozen lyrics. It is to be hoped that some of his poems will not be soon forgotten; but should they be, Walt Whitman himself will be remembered by all those *littérateurs* who are forever hunting for the unique and curious in literary art.

My Valentine.

She is more like a figure of Wenzell's
Than the beauties Sir Joshua drew;
She has all of their grace and their coyness
And strength which, poor dears, they ne'er knew.

McVickar and Johnson and Reinhart
And Smedley and Church and the rest
Have touches that seem very like her,
But Gibson has shadowed her best.

She's American—yes. Though her figure
Is English, her manner and tone
Very *chic* and Parisian, her poses
Quite Spanish—her heart is her own.

She's ideal, all beauty incarnate—
Ah me! my poor head's in a whirl,—
I'm forlorn, for I never may meet her;
I'm in love with "the magazine girl."

D. V. C.

Long, Long Ago.

Long, long ago, ye lover bold,
In measured verse his love-tale told;
His lady-love he called his queen:
It was a valentine, I ween,
Such kind as never now is sold.

But many, many years have rolled
Their course since then. The gravestone mould
Upon the lover's tomb was green
Long, long ago.

Our modern lover has his gold,
But not the courtly love of old,
His valentine's a glistening sheen;
Such kind as then was never seen.
Alas! their hearts were not so cold

Long, long ago.

A. W. S.

St. Valentine's Day:*

ARTHUR W. STACE, '96.

To youthful lovers there is one day in the year which to them is of special interest. It is the Fourteenth of February, the feast of good Saint Valentine. Why the feast of Saint Valentine should have been chosen as the feast-day of lovers is a matter of conjecture. Some say that St. Valentine was such a good and holy man and so filled with love for his fellow-men that, in memory of his goodness of heart, the early Christians celebrated his day by exchanging tokens of affection. Others deny this story, and say that the pagan youths, long before the time of St. Valentine, had been accustomed to choose their wives by lot on the fourteenth day of February. The custom was so deeply rooted that when the pagans became Christians they still clung to it. After trying in vain to break up such a barbarous custom, the authorities of the Church slightly changed it. On St. Valentine's day the names of all the maidens were written on slips and placed in a box. Every young man drew out a slip, and the young lady whose name he drew was to be his Valentine for the ensuing year. I should not imagine that this last described practice was very popular. It would not work nowadays. Just imagine the feelings of a young gentleman, who is dearly in love with some sweet girl, when he discovers that his hated rival has drawn the name of his charmer, while he must be content to have for his Valentine the homeliest and yet the most demonstrative girl in town. Not a pleasant picture, is it?

Whatever the origin of the custom it matters not. It is with the modern valentine we are going to deal and not with antiquities. Valentines, to-day, are of two varieties, the "pretty" and the "comic." The pretty valentines, as you all know, are used to convey tender love messages from heart to heart, while the comic ones convey sentiments exactly contrary to love. It would make good St. Valentine turn in his grave if he could but read some of the exquisite pieces of verse attached to the two-for-a-cent comic valentines of the present day.

What fond recollections St. Valentine's brings back to us. It carries us in spirit back to the musty old store in whose windows, for weeks

before Valentine's day, there was displayed a choice assortment of comic valentines. It was in that old store, I remember, that a small boy once spent an hour picking out a stock of ugly faces. When he had got through he had an assortment of distorted faces and crooked bodies large enough and terrible enough to produce a good-sized nightmare. He sent the whole assortment to his big brother, and he has never sent another comic valentine since. How time flies! It seems like yesterday that I tramped down town to mail my first love message. I went away down to the post-office so that it would be sure to go. I guarded it jealously that no one might see the name on it. I carefully put it into the letter-slot, and then I was in an agony of anxiety till a couple of days later, at school, I heard her tell a girl friend that she had received an awfully pretty valentine and she knew who sent it, too. She glanced at me and smiled, but I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten something, and I started on a run to get it.

Shall I ever forget the valentine box at school. I was about thirteen years old at the time. All morning I had watched the envelopes being slipped into it and I tried to figure out how many of them were for me. I didn't know from whom I could expect a valentine, but I lived in the fond hope that perchance some bashful maiden would send me one. In the afternoon I was not able to be present and, consequently was disappointed in not seeing the box opened. Only too true is the old saying; "Where ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to be wise."

Yes, I received a valentine. In fact, I received eight of them. All in great big fancy envelopes. O all ye too-trusting mortals who have been taken in and deluded by that same diabolical fancy-envelope snare, I call upon you to weep for me. Eight, eight valentines and every one of them ugly as sin. I dare not tell how I expressed my feelings. The verses attached to the valentines were not very complimentary to me. No, in fact, they were just the opposite. Most of them expressed the same sentiment. They implied—I say implied because it is more delicate than insisted—that I was a—well, I won't say what, but it was pretty bad. I received another fancy envelope two or three years after, but *experientia docet*, and I was more chary about opening it in public. The after result proved my wisdom. It was only another demoniacal deception. This time it was three homely ones, I suppose the sender couldn't give vent to his

* Read before the Philodemic Society, Wednesday, Feb. 13.

hitherto latent spite in one little eight line verse, so he sent three valentines at once. One of them represented a red-headed man dressed in a red shirt and blue and white trousers, with a red-white-and-blue cap and spiked shoes going at a 2.10 clip for a bag labelled "base." From the verse attached thereto we may judge that it was intended to represent a baseball player:

"To see you trying to play
Especially when you shin it,
Is funnier than the minstrels
While the circus isn't in it.

"Funnier, I mean, to all,
Except the backers of your team,
For they, no doubt, are less inclined
To smile than to blaspheme."

Now why that valentine was ever sent to me, I never could discover. I am not a ball-player and I have not played a game for years. The last game I played was when our table played another table for pie. We lost the game, but I didn't lose my pie. One of the victors began to "roast" me about it. In just a minute I was sitting on him and using such forcible arguments that I soon persuaded him that pie was not good for his health. Before I got through with him he had promised to give me his share of the spoils. Now, if that valentine had referred to a football player it might have been more appropriate, for I belong to a football team. At least we played one game and had our pictures taken, so we call ourselves a team. The game we played is inscribed on the tablets of history and has been celebrated in verse, so it is needless to say anything about it. It is one of those subjects with which mists of tears and sorrowful thoughts are always inseparably connected. When those three valentines were received I resolved to run down the sender, if it took me till doomsday. It was only another rash vow, taken one day to be forgotten the next. If all the rash vows that have been made should be kept what a world this would be! That reminds me of three old friends of mine who have long since set out to seek their fortunes. Once they got caught out of bounds and received two little thousand cool. They weren't going to write them, not they! They would go home first. They didn't come here to write lines. Just wait till you catch them writing lines. We waited, but we had only to wait till the next day.

A man who would send a comic valentine is not worthy to be called a man. He is worse than an anonymous letter-writer; he is a cow-

ard. Kind friends, if you have received this Valentine's day a comic valentine with some such legend attached as the following—

"Though in intellect you're feebler than an average canary,
Of your idiotic gabble you're not the least bit chary;
You bore us with your stupid thoughts and imbecile opinions,
Till we long to see you banished to Lucifer's dominions.
We use this means to warn you that unless we get a rest,
We'll resort to savage measures for suppressing you,
you pest!—"

look again at the above definition and be comforted.

As the sender of the ugly valentine is to be despised, the sender of the pretty one is to be esteemed. What joy can be compared to that which you felt long ago when you received the mass of tinsel and lace paper telling you that

"A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou can't find,
That heart I'll give to thee."

It doesn't seem much now, but when you received it your heart beat with joy and you were happy, because you knew you had at least one true friend.

Lying here before me is a Valentine. I received it years ago and yet I treasure it still; when I first saw it I thought it the prettiest I had ever seen. It is covered with turtle-doves and forget-me-nots. On one side is "Affection's Offering," on the other, "In Fond Remembrance," and inside is the verse:

"Accept this gift affection sends
This fair spring day to you;
Believe me, of your many friends
You have not one more true."

I do not prize it for its silvered borders and gaudy trappings, nor for its roses and ribbons; but on account of the true friendship of the sender. On dull, dreary days, when the rain comes down unceasingly and I feel blue and lonesome, I take out that valentine, and it brings back thoughts of other days. I see the friends of old and the time when the days were all bright and cheerful, and for a time I am almost happy. But the vision always changes, and I am standing on a cold wintry day beside an open grave, and I hear the frozen clay rattle down on her coffin, and my childhood friend is buried from my sight forever. Then I see the lonely grave on the hillside with the rain beating upon it and the wind buffeting it, and the mist comes down like a curtain, and I see no more.

Oliver Goldsmith.

SAMUEL A. WALKER.

In a small town of northern Ireland there was born, in 1728, one of the cleverest and most perfect writers the world has ever known, who was destined to become a shining star in that brilliant galaxy of literary men of the Augustan age. Oliver Goldsmith, or "Goldy," as his friends loved to call him, was not a very promising youth, and we must own that at times he was a little wild. His school life was not spent very happily; for, slow at retort and not very strong, he was made the constant butt of his companions. At an early age his kind Uncle Contarine sent him to Trinity College, Dublin, where, after many queer adventures, he was graduated the lowest in his class.

Oliver preferred almost anything to work, and, far from being ambitious, he wished to live and die in a quiet country village rather than seek the many advantages offered him by the great world. For years he led a checkered life. He tried his hand at almost every profession and in all he made a complete failure. He tried teaching, the law, the Church, medicine, until, giving up everything, he set out on a tramp through Europe, from which he returned penniless, without a calling or means of earning a livelihood. Everything went against him. He had utterly failed through his own fault.

Being naturally of a cheerful disposition, this state of affairs did not make Oliver gloomy, but urged him on to greater efforts. It was then that he turned to literature as a last resort. At first he found employment by writing short articles for the publisher of a magazine who almost starved him to death. While engaged in this work, Goldsmith first discovered that he had found his vocation, and with quick steps he began to climb the ladder of fame. In his literary life of fifteen years, he wrote in almost every branch of literature with such marvellous facility and cleverness that few surpass him in any field.

From the time he went to London, Oliver gradually became involved in debt. Whenever he did have money, he either gave it away, or his friends borrowed it before he had a chance to settle with his creditors. Of a true, generous, sympathetic heart, he shared everything with his suffering fellow-creatures. All poor people and beggars clung to him. His

first success in literature was the "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," an attack on the critics.

Next he published the "Bee," a light, humorous magazine, which many writers compare favorably with the "Spectator" of Addison and Steele. Goldsmith was the only writer of this period who had a true conception of woman. He never sneered at them, as Pope did, but always spoke of them gently and treated them with the greatest respect; nor, like many of his contemporaries, did he consider women heartless creatures. After the "Bee" he wrote for a newspaper "The Letters of a Chinese Philosopher," criticisms on the government, society and morals of England, by an imaginary traveller from the Orient.

Goldsmith first won fame by a poem entitled "The Traveller." It took all England by storm. In almost a day, from a poor, friendless, literary hack, he became the lion of society, and was reckoned among the first writers of his country. This beautiful poem embodies in verse the memories and impressions of his tramp over the Continent. Such care did he take in its composition that he wrote and re-wrote every line until he made each clear and perfect. It proved to be a grand success; for not only did its publication make him famous, but directed public attention to his other works. Every verse is clear-cut, and it would be hard to find any in the English language more melodious.

By the success of "The Traveller," his greatest work "The Vicar of Wakefield," was brought into prominence. Everyone read the novel of the rising poet. Women and girls wept over its sentimental and laughed at its humorous passages. It has been declared by competent critics that this is the most perfect novel ever written in the English language. It is a book which is as popular to-day as it was in the eighteenth century, if not more so; and I believe that, as long as any books of the Augustan Age are read, "The Vicar of Wakefield" will live and be enjoyed by both young and old. Unlike Fielding and Richardson, who introduced many vicious characters into their works, Goldsmith endeavored to purify literature by producing the cleanest novel written up to his time. There is no doubt that he helped in a great measure to eradicate the coarseness which was so prevalent in the literature of his day.

There is a story connected with the first publication of this novel. Being in trouble with his landlady over rent, Goldsmith sent for

his first and dearest friend, the kind-hearted Doctor Johnson. When he arrived Oliver showed him the manuscript of an unpublished story. It was "The Vicar of Wakefield." The good Doctor read it, and soon sold it for thirty pounds, enough to pay the rent bill. This book is a story of the home life of Oliver. His father, the minister, is the principal character. No one who reads it can fail to love the characters and enjoy the pastimes and pleasures of this simple family. From beginning to end we find delicious bits of humor. One of the best I know of is the old Doctor's account of the manner in which the members of his family had their portraits painted. It is one of the most delightful passages in the whole book.

By far his greatest poem is "The Deserted Village." As long as he lived, Oliver never forgot his boyhood home in Ireland, where the happiest days of his life were spent. Wherever he travelled, when his heart was stirred or when he sorrowed most, his thoughts always went back to his beloved birthplace. In this poem he immortalizes his native town. No other work shows to better advantage his loving, sympathetic heart which always ached for suffering humanity. Throughout the reader cannot fail to remark the fine bits of portraiture and the harmony and sweetness that pervade its melodious lines.

There is no doubt that "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village" are by far the best works written by Goldsmith, and that they will live; but, during his lifetime, his success rested for the most part on his comedies. Emboldened by his former triumphs he sought new fields of conquest, and how well he succeeded is evident from his two great comedies, "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Good-Natured Man." These two dramas, and "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal," by Sheridan, undoubtedly helped in a great measure to purify and elevate the stage which had fallen very low.

At first, people who were accustomed to sentimental plays, did not relish comedy of a lighter vein. But since the Augustan Age it has grown steadily in popularity. Goldsmith had now reached the highest pinnacle of his fame. Although he received large sums of money for his writings, he was never able to pay off his debts. On the contrary the more money he made the larger they grew. This was one of the great drawbacks to his happiness. Always followed by creditors, he never could find rest.

The best of his comedies is "She Stoops to Conquer." It not only proved to be a greater success than "The Good-Natured Man" at the time it was published, but even to-day it is quite as popular as it was then. It is based on an incident which occurred during his college days. Returning home on a vacation he stopped at a small village, with only a guinea in his pocket; but he determined to make the most of it, and inquired for the best inn. He was sent by some joker to the house of the village squire who, seeing the joke, received the youth. Oliver spent the evening very pleasantly, ordering the servants about and entertaining his host. Not till morning did he learn of his mistake. Goldsmith wrote other works, especially histories; but all of them were written for money, and although they have some literary merit, yet none of them are of any practical value.

He died as he had lived, weighed down with debts and despondent. In him we recognize one of the tenderest, most generous and sympathetic writers that ever existed. His wit and humor were not stained with the coarseness of his contemporaries, and with truth we may say that no writer has reason to regret anything he has written less than Goldsmith.

Although he was thriftless, penniless and in debt, yet the death of no writer caused more heartfelt and lasting sorrow than his. During life he had befriended many when he could least afford it. Full of pity, love and generosity he never failed to do a kindness when occasion offered. Other authors are read and cast aside, but not so with Goldsmith. He makes such a deep and lasting impression on our minds that we cannot forget him. So it will be in the future. As many writers of his day who were once famous have already been forgotten, so many more will meet the same fate; but Goldsmith is destined to live and grow in popularity as long as sympathy and tenderness exist in the human breast.

A Petition.

Good Saint Valentine, I pray thee,
Greet for me a maid divine,—
Careful, lest her eyes betray thee,
Good Saint Valentine, I pray thee,
Let not frown or jest dismay thee;
Beg—implore her to be mine.
Good Saint Valentine, I pray thee,
Greet for me a maid divine.

D. V. C.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—The Sorin-Brownson race at the regatta in June is a certainty. The Brownson captain has already been elected, but Sorin Hall is satisfied with *locum tenens* until the crew is on the water. It is for the benefit of the Sorins, then, that we suggest that their captain should be elected by popular vote. If the crew is to represent Sorin Hall, every Sorin should have a voice in choosing the man who selects it. This is a suggestion only, but its wisdom is, we think, evident.

—There is a little rift in the clouds which have overshadowed the Athletic Association for the past two weeks; and the SCHOLASTIC trusts that it will widen and lengthen until the whole sky is blue again. The partisan spirit is losing its grip, and the thoughtful men are weighing Hall-pride in the balance with college spirit, and finding it woefully light. After all, it matters but little who the men are that manage the Varsity team, and the affairs of the Association, if only they are gentlemen and representative students. They should be our very best men, though, for the honor of the University depends upon them. Let us, then, bury our battle-axes, call another meeting for the election of officers, forget whether we are Brownsons or Sorins, and vote for the men whom we honestly believe to be the wisest and safest and best-fitted for our officers.

The New Woman and the Valentine.

Shakspeare was the most versatile of men—of that there can be no question. The lawyers have proved to their own, and the world's satisfaction—for who so daring as to dispute the one thesis upheld by the whole tribe?—that he was fit for the Elizabethan ermine; the knights of the scalpel and prescription blank claim him for their own, and dispute only as to whether he was a specialist in insanity or melancholia; the Army and Navy regard themselves as fellow-warriors of his, but the SCHOLASTIC is, we think, the first to hail him as a prophet. His foresight might have been discovered long ere this if soothsaying had not long ago degenerated into a business, and the new race of seers were not too busy, obtaining "siller" under false pretences, to care for their professional reputations or patron saints.

"To-morrow is St. Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your valentine,"

sings Mademoiselle Ophelie, as the too-polite Voltaire saw fit to call her; and during the three centuries that have slipped away since the first lad in wig and kirtle piped the lines, it has never occurred to anyone to consider the poor, mad girl as the prototype, in one way, of the Woman of the Future. It has been much less than a century since the SCHOLASTIC discoursed at some length on the New Woman, and found many supporters and a few enemies of its doctrines. The dissatisfied ones misunderstood us: We do not quarrel with the thousands of women, earnest and true and womanly, who are doing so much to redeem the world from utter wretchedness; but we cannot find words of praise for the "mannish" woman, the girl who sells her birthright of love and reverence for knickerbockers, cigarettes and latch-keys. She is yet a rarity in our little circle; but if there is a grain of truth in that venerable old platitude, "literature is the reflection of life," Dodo and Evadne and the rest of the "emancipated" heroines are not alone in their glory. And it is of these fair heretics, who should be faithful children of Bishop Valentine, but who snub him none the less, that we would write.

No one can quite explain why the sending of valentines has fallen into disrepute. Certainly no custom could be prettier, more fraught with tender meaning. Charles Lamb once read an address of welcome to the good Bishop,

and the world found it so delightful that Lamb was named his Vicar-General for all time. But it was a far different diocese that St. Valentine ruled over then; for heresy and schism had not yet entered its borders, and men listened to the gospel of love. Valentines crossed and recrossed, and friendless indeed was the man or maid who received not a pair of them at the least. The young artist of Lamb's essay, who "wrought a wondrous work," a valentine full of dainty allegories for the pretty stranger across the way, and found his reward in the joy that it gave her, was typical of the time. That was the golden age; ours is only an age of gold, and stocks, and bonds. Then, Percy, in a fine frenzy, whittled up a round dozen of the best goose-quills before he found the rhymes he wanted, and finally sent to Arabella a set of verses that had more of meaning than of metre in them. And Arabella trembled when she read of

"Two doves that ever coo,
Two hearts forever true,"

and blushed with joy and confusion—the twentieth-century girl would blush for Percy's ignorance in rhyming "true" with "coo"—at the meaning she read between the lines. And there was a new light in Arabella's eyes as Percy bent over her hand when next they met, and—who knows—perhaps Percy saw it. But who, in his heart, does not envy Percy the blessed privilege of saying things in verse; who does not wish for the days that were but are not?

For fashion has changed all that. The young men who dress for dinner nowadays, never dream of buying, much less of sending, one of the arrangements in paper lace and forget-me-nots. From being the pleasure of princes, the valentine has come to be the amusement of school-children. Its very cheapness sounded the knell of the pink-and-gold confection. When it was the work of many hours of frenzied clutching after rhymes that would not come it was a sort of personal, heroic homage to beauty and worth, and Arabella felt that it was unique and sincere. But when it became an article of commerce, when better verses than Percy's might be bought on any street-corner in less time than Percy spent on his first quill-point, the valentine lost its romantic interest, the only one which it ever possessed; and the "valentine" joke is almost as classical as the "mother-in-law" *jeu d'esprit*.

Not that the ancient traditions are entirely forgotten. We know one dear old gentleman,

who has never swerved in his allegiance to good St. Valentine. His romance began on the eve of his departure to the Mexican War, and it has had no ending. It was a love-match, the grandfathers say, and their hearts are still young as the springtime. Every St. Valentine's morning, the postman brings a note and little token, sometimes a bunch of "Jacqueminots" or "Marechal Niels" sometimes a new edition of a well-loved book, to the white-haired old lady who always answers his knock, on *that* morning, in person. Only once was there a break in the chain; in '63, when the "General," as his friends love to call him, was in the prison-pen at Andersonville.

But this is a wide digression from our first theme, the New Woman's attitude towards St. Valentine's day. At her present rate of development and evolution, before the new century has emerged from its teens, she will have usurped all the rights and privileges of man in this benighted decade, and he will have accepted his subjection as a fact. In spite of her wonderful self-poise, she will be a woman still, and capricious. To show her superiority, and to make clear another blunder of the old *régime*, she may take it into her over-crowded head to revive the old customs, and listen with docility to the gentle Bishop's sermonizing. Of course, she will be far too "literary" to buy, ready-made, the verses intended for hersweetheart; so, on the eve of St. Valentine's, after an exciting day on 'Change, she may dictate to her be-whiskered type-writer, lines somewhat like these:

TO HAROLD.

Theosophy, my Valentine,
Was fascinating, quite;
And Calculus was better yet,—
It made a gallant fight,
Within my breast, for mastery,
But Social Science gained
And held my heart until you came—
For full two weeks you've reigned.

I love you for the way you waltz:
Your manly modesty
(I hate the self-assertive man!)
Is dearer far to me
Than all your other charms. I love
Your clinging, trustful way—
Wilt wed me, dear, and promise true
To honor, love, *obey*?

This may seem a fancy picture, the "baseless fabric of a vision;" but prophecies have always seemed impossible to the generations who saw not their fulfilment. We have tried to add a new title to Will of Stratford's honored name,

and if we have fallen, unconsciously, into the Delphic mood ourselves, we claim no credit for it. There is nothing improbable about our prediction, and we only ask you to wait twenty years before passing judgment upon it. Ophelia, in her madness, singing her "snatches of old songs," is not so far removed from her twentieth-century sister, alone in her "den" with her hopes and her fears and her stock quotations, waiting for Harold's answer to her twentieth-century valentine.

D. V. C.

The Band Concert.

Thursday's concert by the University Band, although unheralded by any blow of trumpets, was decidedly successful both from the point of view of the music rendered and its effect upon the audience. Possibly the element of pleasurable surprise may have had some part in this effect, but we doubt it; for those who heard last session's concert expected much, and they were not disappointed.

The band, as might be expected, has improved remarkably since its last public appearance. No matter how excellent may be the soloists and leading instruments of a band, its performance will be execrable unless the other players, even to the most unimportant of the performers, are able, not only to play technically well, but to merge themselves into one. In other words, to place themselves perfectly under the control of the leader. This is evidently what Professor Preston has endeavored to impress upon his men, and how successful have been his efforts was evident on Thursday. Constant practise and frequent rehearsals have brought increased confidence to each player and have served to tone down the ragged edges which detract much from the hearers' pleasure.

The wood scene, with St. Mary's road in the background, was revived as a setting for the occasion. This particular scene has evidently secured a place in the favor of the students. It is evidently a stimulus to their fancy, and no matter how often banished to the dust of the garrett, like the cat, it always comes back. A couple of dogs or dragons added, and in the proper attitude, would be the height of realism.

When the curtain rose the members of the band were discovered looking very nobby in their uniforms of gold and blue which contrasted well with the green of the trees. Pro-

fessor Preston soon stepped on the stage, and waving the gold and ivory baton, which was presented to him last year by the members of the band, gave the signal for the opening of the "American Cadets' March," which preceded the regular programme. The first number, "The Champion," was played at one of last year's concerts. It is a difficult overture and usually is attempted by none but experienced concert bands. It abounds in solos, rapid and sustained passages, cadenzas, etc., which were well and sometimes brilliantly executed. The florid waltz, following the introduction, was particularly well done. The trombone, baritone and cornet solos, played respectively by Messrs. Kivlan, Barton and Chassaing, were played effectively. The finale of the piece was a grand triumphant march, solemn and inspiring, gradually working up to a climax which made the chills run up one's back.

Apropos of finales, we have never yet been able to discover any beauty or derive pleasure from the series of toots, with which most composers feel obliged to end their compositions. They have no object, that is evident; they add no dramatic effect, and only serve to destroy the effect of what has preceded.

In "The Champion," and, in fact, all through the concert, those passages in which the bass drum took no part went on far more smoothly. The fault was entirely in the drum, and no reflection must be cast on Mr. Guthrie, its able operator, who performed his duties well. The band next played a tuneful gavotte which made one's feet unconsciously move in time to the music.

Mr. Chassaing then stood up to play a cornet solo, and smiled sweetly at the applause which was given him in advance. His selection was a concert polka, done with triple tonguing, which sustained his reputation as an excellent player, whose ability is more than that of an amateur. While Mr. Chassaing played the difficult score with accuracy, and brought out its good points, we must be frank and say that the music itself was objectless and lacking in beauty. The player was, of course, enthusiastically encored, and responded with a simple little air full of heart and melancholy.

The Schottische, which followed, was an arrangement of that popular song from "Alladin, Jr.," "Little Alabama Coon." It caught the ear of the audience which seemed much pleased with it. The air, however, loses much of its

effect when played other than as a lullaby, in which manner it was originally written.

Verdi's "Anvil Chorus" was the ambitious attempt which concluded the first part. It was well rendered; but at times was played so rapidly that it became impossible to distinguish the grace-notes and delicate runs of the trebles. The intermission was filled by the brass quartette, composed of Messrs. Chassaing, Keger, Marmon and Barton, who played a schottische. They executed with expression; but could hardly do justice to themselves on account of the strain which had been caused by the preceding pieces.

The order of the second part was unavoidably changed and the last number became the first. "From Dawn to Twilight" is a complicated and rather tiresome descriptive piece, brightened at times with fine melodies. Its execution was excellent, and was evidently the result of careful and painstaking rehearsals. A selection arranged from the familiar songs in Hoyt's, "A Trip to Chinatown," came next and was evidently enjoyed. As an encore the "Queen's Favorite," another gavotte, was given. The "Squeegie Polka" revealed nothing more than its name promised. It is a lively piece in which some eccentricities are performed with the aid of kazoos and the vocal chords.

The concert concluded with two marches named, respectively, "Nahant" and "Distant Greetings." Unfortunately, one of the finest numbers on the programme had to be omitted. It was the "Mannanna Chilian Dance," and possessed that swing and fire and passion characteristic of the music of the Spanish race.

Quite a number of guests from South Bend honored the occasion with their presence and went away evidently pleased with the concert. It is almost superfluous to offer congratulations to Professor Preston and his band on their successful showing.

Resolutions.

WHEREAS: It has pleased Divine Providence, in Its infinite wisdom, to remove from this earth the loving mother of Mr. Edward E. Brennan, one of our fellow-members; and,

WHEREAS: We deeply feel for him in his sad bereavement; be it, therefore,

RESOLVED: That we, the members of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Association, tender him and his afflicted family our most heartfelt sympathy.

RESOLVED: That these resolutions be published in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to his sorrow-stricken family.

J. BARRY, R. G. O'MALLEY,
P. WHITE, JR., R. G. HALLIGAN,
T. T. CAVANAGH, E. J. MURPHY,—Committee.

Personals.

—Among the many visitors to the University lately were Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Burke, Miss Ellen Brennan and Miss Maggie Weldin, of St. Columbkille's Parish, Chicago. Their many friends were pleased to meet them and only regret that their stay was so brief.

—Mr. Joseph F. Kahmann, student '82, familiarly known as Joe, formed a life partnership with Miss Daisy Cecilia Crowley, of Memphis, Tennessee, on the 9th of February. Joe was a First Honor boy, and we feel confident that the Fates, ever favorable to him in his younger days, smiled a special blessing on him in this latest award of prizes.

—Mr. Simon J. Craft, B. L. '88, by his enterprise and natural aptitude for business has won for himself the reputation of being one of the leading financiers in his adopted state, Washington. Whatcom is the name of the town where Mr. Craft lives, and in which place he stands as one of the substantial backers of "The Famous" ball team.

—The many friends of Mr. Nicholas J. Sinnott, A. B., '92, will be pleased to learn that "Nick" has not lost any of his old-time ability as an orator; for at a celebration held in The Dalles, Oregon, he did honor to himself and his *Alma Mater*, as is evident from the following clipping taken from the *Observer*:

"The Orator of the Day, Mr. Nicholas J. Sinnott, of The Dalles, was then introduced by President C. E. Brown, and the people were furnished an address full of bright ideas of national love for America, patriotic in sentiment, and burning with words in contradiction of the thought that pretends to convey the expression that patriotism is decaying in America. His oration was spiced with anecdote, carrying pleasantly to the minds of his hearers the reflection that Oregon may be proud of its sons (as well as its daughters), for Mr. Sinnott is an Oregon boy, and we may be permitted to remark right here, that his compliment to the people of Sherman County was duly appreciated, and will be remembered and suitably reciprocated."

—In referring to the death of John V. Cabel, student '79-'81, from lung trouble Feb. 9, the local newspaper of Washington, Indiana, says:

"There is not a young man in this city who has been called to assume as great business responsibilities as Mr. Cabel. Though young he executed with intelligence and ability every trust reposed in him. He was a young man that was universally loved and esteemed by every one who knew him. He treated everyone he came in contact with with the same uniform kindness and courtesy, whether it be the opulent and wealthy, or the poor mendicant who received assistance from his generous hand. His friends were legion and were not confined to any particular class. The soot-begrimed men who labor in the mines, over which he had general supervision, had as kind a word, and held him in as high esteem, and their hearts will be filled with as true and genuine sorrow on account of his untimely end, as will those he met in the drawing-room and higher circles of society."

The SCHOLASTIC tenders the sorrowing parents and friends its sincere condolence, and prays that the soul of their beloved son may rest in peace.

Local Items.

—The competitions were commenced during the week.

—Skating is not as pleasant as it was. The ice is beginning to melt.

—Some of the boys were well remembered by their friends on Valentine's day.

—There was no meeting of the Law Debating Society on Saturday evening, Feb. 9.

—Mr. Burnett Weaver has been promoted from Second to First Lieutenant of Co. A.

—The gymnastic classes have been discontinued until after the passing of Sir Frost.

—During the past week the lectures in the Belles-Lettres class have been on Voltaire.

—The members of the Criticism class are discussing the classical and romantic novel.

—Some joker in Carroll Hall received a valentine last Thursday. He is now in hiding.

—The St. Cecilians will be favored with a musical concert on the eve of Washington's Birthday.

—There has been a great demand for photographs among the "pretty" Carrolls during the past week.

—Another new student was enrolled in Brownson Hall last week. That hall is pretty well filled now.

—A "Monkey Puzzle" is now bothering our local wise men. It is a modified form of the great 15 puzzle.

—Some of the boys have learned, to their sorrow, the full meaning of the old adage, "Skive in haste, repent at leisure."

—The extra law lecture added last week is proving a success in every way. The lectures so far have been on notes and bills.

—The public debate of the Law Society will take place on March 4 in Washington Hall. The gold and silver question will be discussed.

—Professor Kivlan has been called to Chicago to attend the funeral of his uncle, John O'Rourke, one of the old settlers of Chicago.

—The Treasurer of the Hand-Ball Association has offered a reward to anyone who will give him a clue to the hand-ball lost three weeks ago.

—Company B was called Thursday morning for a drill, in which the new officers appointed about two weeks ago took their respective places.

—The muskets belonging to Co. B barracks have been thawed out, and the members of that distinguished company are correspondingly happy.

—Strange, mysterious sounds are often heard to come through a key-hole on the fourth flat,

Superstitious residents are going to demand an investigation.

—The Philodemics will make their public appearance next Friday in "Damon and Pythias." The rehearsals give promise of an excellent performance.

—Members of the Surveying class looking for work can get a steady job chalking hand-ball courts, on application to the business manager of the Hand-Ball Association.

—The occupants of Sleepy Row in Carroll dormitory were aroused in an unexpected way this week. They will give no more trouble; their sudden awakening was a revelation.

—Last Thursday morning a number of students took advantage of the fine sleighing and favorable weather to make a trip to the neighboring city of Niles. They returned in the evening well satisfied with their little outing.

—The baseball enthusiasts are working up muscle in fine style. Some of them got to using the punching bag so hard, a day or two ago, that there was not a whole window, punching bag or anything else in the room when they were through.

—Many have sought in vain for the charming singer who causes disagreements among the peaceful quantities in the First Algebra class. He need only reveal himself, and a manager will be secured to arrange a tour for him through the back woods.

—A punching bag has been put up in the Carroll gym. Several aspiring feather-weights made an onslaught on the harmless rubber, but soon retired disgusted at finding such an easy victim. They are now attacking brick walls and oak doors. Beware of them!

—Spike's solos in the fourth selection of part second last Thursday were excellent. He has a magnificent bass voice. One rarely listens to a more cultivated and sonorous rendition of the names of railway stations. The crescendo that Spike employs cannot be surpassed.

—An avalanche of ice and snow made a sudden descent from the roof of the main building last Thursday, and came near causing the untimely disappearance of an instructor and two students. They had just time to get out of the way. Pedestrians are warned during the thaw to be careful in passing on the walks near the main building.

—The painters and decorators, under the able direction of Bro. Frederick, have at last completed their work in Sorin Hall. All of the corridors now present a bright and cheerful appearance. All praise is due to Bro. Frederick for the pains he took in beautifying the interior of the building. How well he succeeded in his object is evident to all who have visited the Hall since its renovation.

—Students from Notre Dame, and from colleges visiting the University, complain of

the treatment they receive from the hoodlums who infest Lowell and South Bend. Severe measures should be used to bring these scoundrels to their senses. A liberal application of horse-whip would be very effective. We should not soon forget the brick hurled at the Rush Medical Foot-ball Team, which was mistakenly made to hang from our colors.

—A motion to engage in a public debate with the Philopatrians was made in the St. Cecilian meeting last Wednesday. Those members who have but lately discarded their knickerbockers raised a shrill cry of protest at this. The society proceeded to vote upon the question, but, of course, the motion was lost—the cries of the ex-knickerbockers were too loud. A foolish rivalry has sprung up between the St. Cecilians and the Philopatrians, and the worst members of both organizations are fanning it into a flame. It would be well if these nonentities were to work more and talk less.

—The St. Cecilians assembled in their society room last Wednesday evening. After prayer, the program was immediately commenced, the debate being first, on the question: "Who was the greater general, Napoleon or Wellington?" The arguments on both sides were strong, and every contestant was enthusiastic with the hope of winning. After a long and very warm debate the judges retired and decided the victory in favor of the defenders of Napoleon. The remainder of the program was performed with good success, especially the zither solo by Mr. Stuhlfauth which was applauded very heartily.

—The affairs of the Athletic Association are at a stand-still. Neither faction wants to make the first move towards a settlement of the dispute. In the meantime Captain Schmidt is corresponding with the different colleges with a view to arranging a schedule. It is hoped by all who take a real interest in athletics at Notre Dame that both sides will recede a little from the positions they have taken with regard to the selection of an Executive Committee, and reunite to form one strong association. We cannot afford to let this season go by without having a baseball team in the field, for the material is the best we have ever had, and with good hard practice will make a strong combination.

—Mr. McGinnis has been making his rounds during the week collecting the dues of the Athletic Association from the members of Brownson Hall. All but five students of the Hall have signified their intention of joining the Association. Why should not all be enrolled? Let the silly squabble, which has gone far enough, cease! The Executive Committee is the only bone of contention. Well, why not throw the Committee overboard. A good manager, an energetic treasurer, and a capable captain will do for this season. Both Sorin and Brownson Halls should unite to choose the

two former,—our captain is already selected.

—The men forming the baseball team at the University of Notre Dame have been in training for some time. The preliminary work is full of promise, and it is confidently believed that the great university will have one of the best teams it ever had when the season opens. It includes such men as Chassaing, Sweet, Schmidt, who is captain, and Stack. Stack's work as pitcher is well known. He has good offers to play in leading clubs, so something remarkable may be expected of him this season. Among the clubs which Notre Dame expects to play are those of Chicago University, Purdue, Rush Medical College, Madison University, the University of Michigan and others. A game will be played in April or May. A new grand stand will soon be erected.—*South Bend Tribune.*

—The Philopatrians held a regular meeting last Wednesday evening. The feature of the meeting was an argument on the question, "Was Mr. Debs justifiable in declaring the great railroad strike?" The two best speeches were made by A. Harding for the affirmative and G. Krug for the negative side of the debate. After the committee had retired to decide the issue, several stories both for and against the strikers were told by members who could speak with authority, for they had been there to see. On the return of the committee, the chairman announced that the debate was decided in favor of the affirmative side. The decision did not meet with entire favor, and an effort was made to continue the discussion; the motion, however, was lost. Edward Moran and Charles Girsch then recited; D. Wright and T. Watterson gave readings, and J. O'Mara read a clever paper on "Cincinnati by Gas-Light." T. Goldstein entertained the society with many a venerable and feeble joke. The society is preparing for its annual play.

—There are experiences more enjoyable than to attend the ordinary society meeting, and be compelled to listen to long papers and learned speeches; but who would not enjoy spending a few hours where grave and gay, wit and wisdom mingle as they did at the last meeting of the Philodemic Society. The programme committee had left nothing undone to assure a successful meeting. Instead of the customary exercises in "forensics," the evening was devoted exclusively to Richard Harding Davis. The programme was carried out in a way that kept the society up to the high-water mark of interest and amusement for an hour and a half. After an admirable sketch of the author's life by Mr. D. P. Murphy, the story of "Mr. Travers' First Hunt" was read by Mr. F. McManus. When the mirth provoked by the selection died away, a paper dealing with "The Character of Van Bibber" was read by Mr. E. Cullinan. Before there was shown any desire to adjourn, a half dozen readings from the Van

Bibber series were called for. That it was a most successful meeting one could judge from the conversations of little groups, here and there, after adjournment. It is not the intention to do away with debates, but to have, from time to time, a programme devoted entirely to some favorite author.

—The candidates for the Nine practise batting, base-running and sliding every afternoon in Craig's Riding School. About thirty men are out, and the first weeding out has not yet been undertaken by Captain Blakeley, but the number will probably be reduced shortly by about ten.—*Pennsylvanian* (U. of P).

This was what our much-reviled athletic-editor of last year suggested, but all to no avail. Will the scenes of last year be repeated—men giving very poor tumbling performances in their endeavors to slide to a base? And why cannot a cage be erected to give the players practice in batting? Much is being said of the practice the men are getting. Is there any real, solid work being done? And who are candidates for positions? They should announce themselves, and be made to practice daily. Now is the time to begin. It should not be left until the first game in April. Practice games with outsiders are just a bit expensive. Besides we are not snobbish. The clubs that are coming here know how to play ball. No team will be invited to Notre Dame for a practice game. The University of Chicago has been asked to play a *real* game. The high schools near their burg will afford them lively practice. We are not of the Uriah Heep kind—we shall make others eat humble-pie; we believe that we shall have a strong team in the field—all the men want is practice.

—The following is the programme of exercises next Friday, February 22:

PART I.

Overture.....University Orchestra
Chorus—"Columbia the Gem of the Ocean,"...Glee Club
Oration.....Mr. Armstead Pritchard, '96
Mandolin Orchestra—"Night in Venice,".....*Bellini*

PART II.

"DAMON AND PYTHIAS."

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

Cast of Characters.

Damon.....Mr. John Devanney
Pythias.....Mr. John Mott
Dionysius.....Mr. Daniel P. Murphy
Damocles.....Mr. Daniel V. Casey
Procles.....Mr. Eustace Cullinan
Philistius.....Mr. Edward Pulskamp
Lucullus.....Mr. John Shannon
Servant to Pythias.....Mr. Samuel A. Walker
Senators—Messrs. A. Hudson, L. Gibson, H. Mitchell,
A. Stace, M. Ryan, R. Slevin, B. Oliver, W. P. Burns, E.
Eyanson, J. Murray, T. Quinlan.

AFTER ACT I.

Violin Quartette—"Scherzo a Capriccio,".....*Bartholdy*

AFTER ACT II.

Brass Quartette—"Rondo".....*Mozart*

AFTER ACT III.

Mandolin Quartette—"Chaste filli de Latone"....*Glück*

AFTER ACT IV.

Orchestra.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Barton, Burns, Cullinan, Dempsey, Dinkel, Devanney, Eyanson, Funke, Gibson, Hervey, Hudson, Kennedy, Marr, J. Mott, McManus, McKee, D. Murphy, Marmon Murray, Oliver, Pritchard, Puls-kamp, Quinlan, Ryan, Shannon, Walker, J. E. McKee.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Arnold, Alber, Adler, Anson, Barry, Baird, J. Brown Boland, J. Byrne, W. J. Burke, W. P. Burke, Brinker, Bennett, Corry, Clark, Conger, Corby, Crane, Chassaing, P. Campbell, Carney, Costello, Crilly, Chase, Cullen, J. Cavanaugh, Davis, Delaney, Dowd, Eymer, Finnerty, Follen, Fagan, Fitzsimmons, Falvey, Foulks, Gilpin, Gibson, Gilmartin, Golden, Guthrie, Henry, Herman, A. Hanhauser, Halligan, Harrison, Hindel, Howley, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, Hesse, J. T. Hogan, Hengen, Howell, Jones, Kegler, Kortas, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, E. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Ludwig, Landa, Lawlor, Landsdowne, Lingafelter, Mathewson, Murphy, R. Miller, S. Moore, Medley, Mulroney, Monarch, Mapother, J. Miller, Montague, H. A. Miller, J. B. Monahan, J. J. Monahan, R. Monahan B. Monahan, H. A. Miller, McHugh, McPhee, McKee, McGinnis, McGreevey, McCarthy, Ney, Neely, O'Malley, O'Brien, Oldshue, Palmer, Pulskamp, Piquette, Pearce, Quimby, Reardon, Rowan, R. Ryan, Rosenthal, H. Roper, E. Roper, Schulte, Sheehan, Smith, Scott, F. Smogor, Schultz, S. Steele, C. Steele, Sullivan, C. Smogor, Spalding, Schmidt, Sanders, Thornton, Turner, Tinnen, G. Wilson H. Wilson, P. White, Weaver, Wiss, Wensinger, Ward, Wilkin, F. Wagner, Wright, Wellington, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Adler, Arnold, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlet, J. Barry, Burns, R. Barry, Benz, Browne, Campau, Cornell, Corry, Clune, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Cullen, Ducey, Dannemiller, Druecker, Dixon, Dalton, Davezac, Eytinge, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Fennessey, Franey, Foley, Feltenstein, Fitzgibbon, Fox, Girsch, J. Goldstein, Goldsmith, Gausepohl, Gainer, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, L. Healy, W. Healy,* Harding, Hoban, Herrera, Hagen, Hagerty, L. Herr, E. Herr, Keeffe, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, A. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Lichtenwalter, Long, Lantry, Langley, Lowery, Lane, Landsdown, Miles, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, Monahan, Miller, Massey, C. Murray, Minnigerode, Meirs, F. Morris, R. Murray, McShane, McCarthy, McPhillips, McPhee, McKenzie, McGinley, S. McDonald, G. McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Nevius, O'Mara, O'Brien, Pendleton, Powell, Pim, Rockey, Reuss, Rauch, Roesing, Shipp, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, P. Smith, Shilling-ton, F. Smith, Sullivan, Stearns, Scott, Schaack, Strong, Steiner, Thompson, H. Taylor, F. Taylor, Tong, Tuohy, Thatman, Thalman, Temple, Underwood, Whitehead, Ward, Wallace, Watterson, Waters, Weidmann, Wigg, Wells, Zitter, Zwickel, Rasche.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, Audibert, Brinckerhoff, P. Boyton, N. Boyton, Brissenden, Clarke, Cressy, F. Caruthers, Cas-sady, Collins, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Catchpole, Cotter, Durand, Dalton, G. Dugas, Egan, Finnerty, Fitz-gerald, Ford, Goff, Graham, L. Garrity, R. Hess, F. Hess, Hershey, Hawkins, Hart, M. Jonquet, F. Kelly, C. Kelly, Kasper, Kopf, Lawton, Leach, Moxley, Morehouse, Mc-Intyre, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, Mc-Elroy, McNamara, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Newnan, Paul, W. Pollitz, Plunkett, E. Quertimont, G. Quertin-mont, Roesing, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Swan, Strauss, Steele, Spillard, Sontag, Thompson, G. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Waite, Welch.

* Omitted by mistake last week.